

I AM

I am a candle that shines one thousand colors
I wonder how so few can lend their ear to the golden melody
escaping the bluebird's beak
I hear the waves whisper the secrets of the sea
I see the sun embrace all life in the morning, and tuck it all into bed
at night
I want to illuminate the gloom of darkness
I am a candle that shines one thousand colors

I pretend to be a fairy, a flitting being of laughter
I feel the bewilderment of a wandering child
I touch the silver hair of a moonbeam
I worry about the safety of my loved ones
I cry at the song of the weeping willows
I am a candle that shines one thousand colors

I understand that the earth spins in an infinite dome of space
I say that each unique individual deserves a spot in the circle of
friends
I dream that love will scoop us into its palm and cradle us in blankets
of joy
I try to lift my head above the wisps of fluffy cloud
I hope to find a section of serenity in my soul
I am a candle that shines one thousand colors

By Kelsey Tuma Grade 8

This assignment hit a personal chord; I put much time into it.



WHICH SCHOOL?

Have you ever felt that while everyone in your life was moving on, you were just staying in the same place? Well, that's exactly how I felt at the end of my sixth grade year. Half of my friends had moved to a different, harder, "better" school. In seventh grade, my amount of friends would be, at best, meager. I fooled myself into thinking that Nova Classical Academy was a better fit for me. But really, now that I look back on it, I think it was just an excuse to start anew, somewhere I wasn't unpopular, somewhere I wasn't a nobody.

Nativity was my home, and had been for the past seven years. But now that three good friends had left, it grew bigger and scarier than ever. I saw cliques everywhere, and I felt unwelcome and unwanted. I felt like I needed a new beginning. Then I heard of Nova. It was like a sign from God. It had great academics, the people there were really nice, and to top it all off, it was free. I shadowed there, and almost immediately felt at home. I signed up right away and actually looked forward to seventh grade. I was finally going somewhere to start over, where there were no petty cliques, where everyone was nice.

A few weeks after my choice to go to Nova, I was talking about my decision to change schools with some classmates. They pointed out the obvious disadvantages of going to a small school. At Nova the sports could be a lot better, and the building was very small, and frankly, a bit junky. I shrugged these comments off, but they had already started to plant the seeds of doubt.

After class, a fellow student came up to me and said, "You're not really going to Nova, are you?" Then he walked away. He had been smiling, but behind the laughter in his eyes was something different. Were they pleading? I don't think so, but that something let me know in a way that could not have been more effective had he screamed it at me -- he did not want me to leave.

That night, I decided to stay at Nativity. I don't know whether or not the person who confronted me about it was the one who convinced me, or if I would have eventually come to my senses, or even if I made the right choice. I only know that while I might not be the most popular guy around, I no longer feel alone, and I was never a nobody.

By Nic Heimpel

Grade 8

